

REMEMBER WHEN?

**Monologues of the Middle School
and High School Experience**

Compiled by
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ABOUT THIS COLLECTION

The fun and sometimes painful process of growing up is examined with wit and pathos in this collection of 52 monologues. Most are short and easy to perform, designed with the young actor in mind. A wide variety of topics are covered including fitting in, the child inside, friendship, being scared, dreaming, the opposite sex, and how people change. Some monologues naturally group together and can be performed collectively for an ensemble feel such as being in a family, and firsts and lasts.

These monologues are designed to be used for in-class assignments, auditions, or performed together as an evening of entertainment. In the latter case, the names assigned to personalize the monologues may be redistributed to best suit casting needs. (If used as a full production, a nominal royalty fee is due. Please contact the publisher for licensing information.)

***This collection is dedicated
to these contributing student authors
from Spanish Fork High School, Spanish Fork, UT***

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DEAF TALK

Susie

You meet so many new people in junior high. All the elementary schools come together and you meet types of people you never knew existed. Let me tell you about a girl I met one week after school began. She was in my communications class and sat down next to me. That day we were going to tell each other about ourselves. She - Heather - was assigned to be my partner. I turned to her and she made some funny hand signal, which I later found out meant "Sorry, I'm deaf." That day and the rest of the week we wrote back and forth. Sign language was covered in that class and Mrs. Andrews moved it to the very next week and Heather got to help her teach it. It was awesome. She and I have been friends ever since. I love "talking" with her. We talk about the guys around us and they don't even know it.

LIKE ME

Sam

When I was growing up I guess there was a lot I worried about. Were these the kind of clothes I should wear? Were the girls I liked liking me? Guys always seemed to not have many problems. Well, I always wondered about why I was so different. I mean, I had problems, nothing horrible like a disease or anything, but things were changing and I felt I was being left behind. Every other guy seemed to know everything, and I honestly didn't know, I mean, I did pretend I knew, but it was something else. I had a lot of questions and no one answered them - at least no one that knew, and everyone pretended - like me. And so there we were in the bathroom giving our own little bits of gruesome details that were obviously way off! Now, it's kind of funny. But back then we all were searching and afraid to admit to anyone that we didn't know.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Atlanta

Almost everyone I know has a normal name - Mike, Amy, Sam, Lisa, Karen, Chris, Todd. There are a couple of kids with different names - Alfred, Fredricka and Josephine. But no one really teased them. They were too busy teasing me. My name is Atlanta. If that wasn't bad enough, my last name is George. How would you like that for a handle - Atlanta, George. When I was younger I always said that I was going to change my name when I got old enough. How could my parents do that to me? Didn't they know that kids would make fun of me? Well, I got used to the teasing and I even learned to take it and dish it out! Then, it stopped. A girl named Waterfall moved in. Everyone started making fun of her instead of me. At first, I was glad. But then I noticed that she didn't take it as well as I did. I started talking to her and we became friends. She moved again but I'll never forget the lesson I learned from her. I don't make fun of other people, even if it is tempting. I know what it's like. And do you know what's really weird? I wasn't even born in Atlanta. I was born in a little podunk town in the middle of Idaho. I don't know what possessed my parents to name me Atlanta. I used to be mad at them but I don't care anymore. Besides, everyone knows who I am. It's hard to forget a name like Atlanta.

End of Freeview

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